

Girl Vs IT by KillforKlondike

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Summary: A girl's boring vacation may just turn into a fight for her life. Changed the rating so I could take the last chapter as far I wanted to.

1. Let the games begin!

Disclaimer: Do not own. Only own the idea. Stupid copyright laws. But I love King's works too much ever even want to steal his pieces.

(Author note: I've been on the road since 9:00a.m. and in the process of draining a bottle of Vault and moving on to my second one. I am bored out of my mind. This is the product of my insanity/boredom.)

This is the worst vacation ever. For some reason, my parents had decided that coming to this town was a good idea. Come on, who would come to a place called Derry in the first place? Mom and Dad had gone to check out some stores that I had commented on being boring, so they told me to take a walk and when they were done they'd call. That had been about half an hour ago.

I took my time walking along the side of the street, careful to stay away from the storm sewers. Step in one of those and you could break an ankle or something. Lazily I looked down the little opening and nearly screamed. A clown was looking up at me and smiling. Good God in heaven I hate clowns. Circus, birthday party or any get together at all I had always tried to trip up the clowns. They were just too creepy for words.

"Hello girlie, would you like a balloon?" He said and I saw a red balloon float into view next to his head. "Up yours, freak." I began to walk away but at the next sewer opening there he was, this time holding some cotton candy. "Would you like this instead?" He held it out towards me, but I glared at him and kept walking. "What kind of sicko hangs out in the sewer? Stay away from me ya creep!"

And for a while it seemed that the strange guy had listened to me. I went on undisturbed for about fifteen minutes or so until I saw the clown man standing on the side of the road and smiling like he was enjoying some kind of joke only he knew about. "Hello again girlie! Did ya miss me?"

I flipped him the bird and continued walking, but now the clown was following me. I walked stiffly for a few more feet till I bolted towards

the main part of town and where my parents were. "Come on, girly! Let play! Anyone up for a game of hide-and-go-*KILL*? That's when I screamed. The people I passed just gave me strange looks, like I was the one that was crazy. There is a guy in a clown suit chasing me down the street talking about murdering me and *I'm* the strange one.

I tore into the small shop my parents were in and I tackled my mom in a hug. "MOM, help me! There's this crazy guy that's chasing me and-and he's trying to kill me!" I said hysterically, but they didn't seem all that concerned about the weirdo as much as they were glancing from me to each other. "Honey, I know you're scared, but who is trying to kill you?" Who the hell else?! I turned to point him out, but he wasn't behind me anymore. Where'd he go?

"Mom, I swear, there was this freak dressed as a clown. He was trying to get me to take stuff from him and then he started to follow me!" My dad began to rub my back and was looking at me like I was some little kid that had just been frightened by their shadow. "Baby, there's no one there, it's okay now. I'm sure if there was anyone following you that you lost them. No one is going to hurt you now." After I stopped hyperventilating, my parents decided not to let me go back out for a walk, just in case I freaked out again.

I was starting to become more comfortable in the shop until I looked over at the men's section. There, standing next to a rack full of men's dress shirts, was the clown. He gave me a wicked grin, and I saw rows of teeth that would've looked at home in a shark's mouth. He brought his index finger to his lips and shushed me, never losing that evil smile. And the odd part was that the people around him didn't seem to be fazed by his presence at all. Almost as if they couldn't see him. He mouthed out some words, but his voice came clear in my head. "The game has begun. But just remember, **I WILL FIND YOU!**" And with that he was gone.

May or may not do a second piece for this. Depend on what you think. Please tell me if you'd like me to continue this or let you make up your own ending. Does she get away or will IT win the game?

2. Game over?

I've been lazy/busy for a while so I'm just now getting back to this. My inspiration at the moment is what's left of a gallon of sweet tea and my Zune on shuffle. Oh, and thank you Madmaddy12345 and -sadicpuppy- for your reviews! Enjoy and review!

Last time:

"The game has begun. But just remember, **I WILL FIND YOU!**"

"Oh God, I'm losing it. Totally losing it." I paced in the empty hotel room and once in a while I would check the locks on everything. *If* I make it out of here I'm gonna need some help for obsessive compulsive. If I make it out of here. Why can't anyone else see that clown? I stopped my brooding when the lights and the sink in the bathroom started going berserk. The lights flashed on and off like an ADD child was playing with them and the sink was gushing out red liquid nonstop.

"Girlie...Girrrrlieeee! Come on in. Let's see if you float!" The red stuff overflowed and soaked the carpet and reached my feet. I screamed and jumped up onto one of the beds and tried to wipe the stuff off my feet. God...it looks like..."**BLOOD!** Oh Jesus its blood!" I looked at the bowl of the sink and something was coming up out of the bloody bird bath. First was a strangely bent hand and then more of an arm began to worm its way out. I jumped off the bed and ran to the door, hugging closely to the wall when I had to pass the sink.

I tore down the hallway and went for the stairs, ignoring the fact that for the second time today I was getting some odd stares. "Madison, where are you going?!" My mom yelled as I passed her and dad in the lobby. I turned to yell to them but after seeing the receptionist I bolted once more. He had been standing right behind the counter. What is wrong with everyone! Can no one see him but me? I nearly knocked a child over as I slammed the front door open and continued on down the street.

My legs and arms were cold but I didn't stop to worry about that.

"Madison, why won't you play with me?" Its voice came from all around me; echoing through the area. Then everything was quiet....And then things came into sight all over the street. Balloons, lots and lots of multicolored balloons. And all of them had his face with the shark grin on them. I crouched down and held my head in my hands, trying to shut them out. And now echoing was evil chaotic laughter and the mouths on the balloons were moving as blood trickled out of them. "GOD, STOP IT! WHY WON'T IT STOP?!"

"PENNYWISE, LEAVE HER ALONE!" A man's voice yelled and then there was a screech like an animal in pain. I stayed crouched, hoping to God or anything that would listen that it would end. And when something grabbed my shoulders I screamed and kicked and did everything to get it to go away. "Whoa, hold on, its okay, he's gone." I opened my eyes and saw an older looking man with a wild man beard was holding on to me.

"Who...what...what the hell is happening to me?" I latched on to his jacket and I sobbed, only feeling a little bad about getting spit and snot onto him. But dammit all, I've been harassed by some kind of demon clown all day so I deserve to cry. He didn't say anything or move me. He just let me sit on the cold pavement in my shorts and tank top and ball my eyes out until all I could do was give dry sobs and hiccup.

When I was done, he carried me back to the hotel I told him to go to. Mom and dad were running around outside yelling for me and crying. "Mom! Dad! I'm over here." They ran over to me and the stranger and dad instantly grabbed for me. "That's it, we're leaving! Caroline, go get the stuff from the room. I'm going to get the car. Come on Mads, let's go." As my dad was walking away, I looked over his shoulder and saw the man with the bushy beard. I waved to him and mouthed my goodbye.

Mom came down about ten minutes later with everything and shoved it all in the trunk. As soon as she was in the tiny Subaru and buckled in her seat dad took off. For a while it seemed very quiet as I stared up at the back of my mom's headrest in a form of shock. And I stayed that way for as long as we were within the city's limits too. But as the "Thanks for visiting!" sign came into view, I felt the need to look over at the seat next to me. And sitting on the seat just as innocently as

could be was a single red balloon. And there were four words on it.

Game over!

Love, IT.

So what do you think? I probably put too much into it, but for right now I'll leave it alone so I don't maim it any more. Please tell me your opinion!

3. He'll come

Okay, I've been putting this off for too long and now I have another little story that is burning me up but I'm going to force myself to do this first. If I keep putting it off it'll never get done.

Disclaimer: I don't own crap.

White. The padding in the room is white. Or at least what the room was supposed to look like was white. But he wouldn't leave. And now everything is red. Everything has little doodles on it in blood and since I'm in this jacket I can't even stop him. All I can do is scream and kick and no one will come to save me. Who thinks to save the crazy girl from the invisible clown?

They left me here. My parents didn't even think twice about it. How long has it been? How much longer do I have to sit through him tormenting me? He'll be back again. Maybe in a few minutes; maybe tonight when everyone else is asleep. Or maybe he won't show up at all. Either way he knows that I won't dare to close my eyes. As soon as I do he'll be there to shake me and scream at me. "How long until you float?" "Wanna play with the others?" Oh, and my personal favorite: "Would you like a balloon?"

I wish that man were here to save me. And maybe he will come and get me. Or maybe he'll come too late and find me dead in here; claimed by the clown or by my slow rejection of normal human life. I can't eat anymore because he always does something like making the chicken noodle soup look like blood and other unmentionable or unrecognizable things. I can't drink because everything looks like blood or urine or pus. And ever since the sink incident I haven't felt safe to get near any kind of plumbing. The orderly that takes care of me has to force me to endure the shower which always, **always** looks and feels and even tastes like blood.

And you'd think I'd get used to the blood. And in a way I have. It's something that may lose its ultimate horror but it never dulls completely. You have to wonder where he gets it all. How can he possibly be able to do these things? But even if you question it you

have to admit that he can. He's the cafeteria lunch lady dishing up the corn and he's the guard that sits outside the door and waves. But no matter what form he takes he is always *smiling*. And I think that is the thing that really gets me.

Forget blood and everything else. What is it about a clown's smile? Is it the makeup or the way his eyes don't match the happiness in the smile. In this case it's all of the above and how this particular clown has freakishly sharp teeth throughout his mouth. No, it's none of those actually. It's how just like a clown he is having a ball doing this. You can honestly tell that every single moment of the torture he is having the time of his life watching you die.

And in the end this is where I belong. Who's to say if I am or am not crazy. But crazy or no there is something I've come to except and for that I fear that he'll kill me soon. He's going to kill me. That's it right there. I don't know when. I don't know how. But he will and that's all that matters. So I don't care. If you know it then the terror of the end begins to fade. What's to fear of death if it means getting out of this hell hole? Nothing is a sweeter revelation than knowing it will end. Nothing.

Let's sit and play his game. Sit and smile and hum to myself and wait until he comes. And when he does I'll smile some more and ask what took him so damn long.

Wow. I think I went through a natural mental trip while writing this. Don't tell my orderly that. He might not let me write anymore. (Kidding.)

4. Don't Challenge It

Made this one fairly violent. Can't remember why.

Disclaimer: Don't own crap except for Madison Davids.

"Mad little Madison sitting on the floor. Little Madison don't wanna live no more. Why so sad my little Mads? Maybe she's tired of the room with the funny white pads!" His demented ditty echoes down the hallway. So he's finally here, huh? Well I'll be damned. Look at that ladies and gentlemen, the clown is smiling again. And it's finally gone. My fear of the piranha-mouthed clown is gone.

"Where ya been Penny? I thought maybe ya found a new playmate. So what we gonna play tonight?" I asked and for a moment I thought that I might have caught him off balance. And then the spider gave the fly a smile to kill. "Let's see if you float." I snorted and he frowned. "Don't ya got something better than that? How long have you been saying that? I'm not afraid of drowning. Go ahead, get creative. I've got time. Burn me alive or maybe shove a rubber chicken down my throat. **Come on! Show me something worth being afraid of!**"

He stood still for a second and then he gripped the front of my straight jacket and hurled me across the room into the wall behind me. I slammed against the wall hard enough to wind me and when gravity pulled me back down I lay still until I could breathe again. And then I looked up and laughed at him. "Is that it? Oh come now. You can do better. Any of the boys back home could do *that*. Show me your very best. Why don't you bring something new to the relationship? I'm feeling' a little abused." I could tell that I was getting to him and I smirked. Suddenly his right arm started to morph and became a spike. He walked towards me, grabbed the jacket and held me up against the wall.

"Wanna play? Let's play Mads." He pulled his arm back and rammed the spike into my gut. Oh God! I bit my lip as he twisted it in deeper. I felt my teeth go through and I squirmed as he started to get jerky. The pain was almost enough to make me scream out and tell him just

to finish it. But that would mean letting him win. I straightened my neck up and looked him in the eye and did my best to smile. "Anything else for me? Can't do *anything* else Penny? Any old human could do this. I said give me yer best. **SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT YOU WORTHLESS PIECE OF COW FODDER!**"

He growled and I felt the spike inside me grow spines and punch into other organs or whatever the hell they were in. And without warning he ripped it out. "SSSSSHIIIIIT!" I screamed and kicked and did everything to make my pain known. "Happy? Are we having fun yet? Or got more smart shit to say?!" He dropped me and I tried to curl up but that just made it worse.

Police Report:

Homicide

Vic. ID#:156367 **Name:** Madison Davids

Died over the weekend at the Derry Asylum. Orderlies heard screaming from victim's room. Rushed to see what was happening but other inmates were also screaming so they didn't find victim immediately. When they arrived they found the victim nailed upside down to wall adjacent from entrance. Large wound in stomach and severe damage to other internal abdominal structures. All injuries were sustained pre-mortem.

Yeah. I know that the last part is probably not how a really police report is written so just bare with me. I didn't really feel like trying make it all that complicated. Tell me what you think. Looking back at this I think maybe all the violence was a bit much. Oh well.

5. We Were Right

Disclaimer: I don't own crap.

Pennywise twirled through the sewage tunnel with joy. And I had to watch as he played with the filth around him. And here there are other souls too. Other children mostly, but all of us shared one thing, us boys and girls. Pennywise had been the one to take us down here. He is the one that cut us short...and we all hate him for it. He looked over at us as we floated just above the dirty muck in the piping. "What's the matter kids? Don't you like floating here with me?" He cackled and threw grime at us, but it went right through our misty forms.

We all looked at each other, and we silently agreed on one thing. We would never like being here with him. "Screw you Penny. Screw you, screw whatever mother you have, and screw your sister while you're at it." I laughed at him when he hissed at me. And one by one the other children began to snort, and then giggle, and then finally they laughed with me. And all the time he was screaming at us all to shut the hell up. I pretended to wipe a tear out of my eye and softened my tone. "Oh, poor little Penny, are we being mean to you? Fucking good. Why would we be nice to you? Murderer. You murdered all of us. Every. Single. One.

"And I'm glad I did you little whore! I'm glad I killed you. Now you float for eternity. Nobody is going to help you. Nobody can even see you anymore. So what can you do to me? Why should I feel bad for a bunch of shitty little squats like you? And you, little Mads, piss me off the most. I'm glad you suffered before you kicked the bloody fucking bucket!"

I smiled and gazed into his eyes. Those shiny eyes don't work on the dead. "Oh yeah Penny? Well guess what ya fucking demented shit. We can't do anything to you. That is true. But...sooner or later you're going to piss off the wrong fucker and then you're gonna be in trouble. Just wait and see.

The children behind me were starting to fade but the few that were

still there smiled with me. "We're going to be watching Penny. We'll be watching. And soon enough, yer gonna be floating too. And we'll be waiting for ya. You bet we'll be waiting...right here."

And we faded away, still smiling, still laughing.

Why?

Because we were right.